

The Fall of NERV

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Summary: America is bitter. Their ace pilot and multi-billion dollar Evangelion were destroyed by NERV's carelessness, and now, they are striking back. Arsen Marcus Hahn, the brother of EVA 3's deceased pilot, is deployed in Unit 3.1 with one mission: kill the Evangelions and NERV. Rated T for MAJOR character death and Evangelions literally killing each other, as well as language.

The Fall of NERV

****A/N:** Aright folks, I got a request, and I'm doing it. Fortunately, it's about a series I'm somewhat familiar with, Neon Genesis Evangelion (and the movies) and since 4.0 was delayed, I thought it would be nice to give the Evangelion readers something since their topic hasn't been updated in years. Literally, since 2011ish. Here's the prompt: make EVAs (nge) fight. Not much to work with, but I'll have to come up with a reason.**

****America,** with a waning economy, nervous people, and bitter government, is forced to put an end to NERV, as their trust in the company that cost them everything was gone. In the wake of the Angel attack that destroyed America's first and only Evangelion, the United States wants NERV's head. They should've stopped it, they killed the pilot, and killed the US's trust and economy. After liberating the two American locations, the US Government begins construction on the only weapon that can defeat an EVA, another EVA. Without a clone of Adam, though, they are forced to start from scratch. Afraid another Angel could attack and destroy their creation, as the last had, they design it better, faster, stronger, and completely mechanical. Nicknamed EVA 3.1, it bears no AT field, but instead utilizes a hardlight substitute, and has thicker, more maneuverable armor to make it the perfect counter to the agile EVAs. Unit 3's 1-year-old brother, Arsen Marcus Hahn was chosen as the designated pilot and after months of training, Evangelion Unit Custom 3 Rebuild 1 deployed to the barren battlefield of Tokyo-3 with one mission. Destroy NERV.**

****so yeah, screw character design, screw story, here's an excuse to fight evangelions. Hopefully you can try and enjoy it.****

0-0-0-Arsen Marcus Hahn-0-0-0

I sat in the roomy cockpit of the EVA, currently being held belly-up on a carrier plane. I mused about how this first battle would go, fantasizing about victory and defeat. Either way, I was going to be a hero. Not that fame was my goal, I was just told that I needed to be between the age of 14 and 16 and knew how to fight. Next thing I know I'm training alongside recruits into the military and driving around this thing. Of course, literally kidnapping me and erasing any history I had was rather unorthodox, but getting to pilot an Evangelion? Worth every minute of grueling training and homesickness.

I was sitting cross-legged on the part of the seat usually meant for my back, staring off at nothing in particular. I couldn't see what was going on outside, but I was sure it was just miles of bloody ocean in all directions. Someone came over comm, telling me to prepare for insertion and I obliged, pulling myself into the seat and sliding on the headset. The entire EVA jerked as the arms and legs were released from the carrier plane, as the vision systems flashed to life. I saw the plane flying away, and flipped the massive mech over to see all of Tokyo-3 and the surrounding blood-red oceans stretched out below me. As I fell from 30,000 feet, the concrete jungle, the epicenter of Tokyo-3, was my landing zone, and I smashed down in a landing that would make the commander proud.

"Just wait around for a little bit" he told me. "They'll come to you"

0-0-0-NERV-0-0-0

The entire Geofront shook as an unidentified object landed in the ruins of Tokyo-3. Asuka huffed. "I thought the Angels were finally done!" she exclaimed crossing her arms.

"It's not well, it's not an Angel, Asuka." Misato corrected the younger pilot as she watched all scans come back blank. "From what we can tell, there's nothing up there. No blood type, save for some faint red, could mean practically anything. If we didn't have cameras covering every corner of the city, I'd be convinced whatever it is that it was a ghost."

"Well, are we just gonna let it stomp around up there or are we gonna kick it's butt out of here?" Asuka impatiently asked, obviously yearning to get the chance to fight something other than angels. Misato sat for a second, debating between sending Asuka out there for essentially no reason or doing nothing and hoping it goes away.

A half hour later, it wasn't going anywhere, and Asuka was persistent, persistent, and very annoying. Misato threw her hands up in defeat and gave the orders to launch the bright red Evangelion Unit 2 onto Tokyo-3. The launch went quickly, as most NERV staff were doing nothing at the moment, as the final angels had just been defeated mere weeks ago and the entire base was quiet.

0-0-0-Asuka Langley Soryu-0-0-0

Finally, some action! I leaned back as the catapult carried my Unit up and onto ground level. The lights flew by and in a mere half minute, the light of the surface engulfed my view. I looked around, at first seeing nothing. I began to make my way across town, and picked out a black and white EVA-looking figure standing, arms crossed, staring my direction. Odd enough, I figured, and got permission to engage. As my EVA started at the intruder, I began to notice its features, and to be honest, it didn't look that different from other EVA models, but the one feature that caught my eye first was the odd triple-I formation in place of a proper pair of eyes. I also noted it had a good ten or fifteen feet on me, which didn't mean much, but any observation is a good observation. I watched my opponent square up as I approached, and figured the best way to take this idiot out was to beat it until I can find a core, really no different from an angel. Of course, that's assuming it had a core. No blood type, no thermal signature, the only thing proving its existence was the fact that it was standing right in front of me.

"Last chance, joker, take your little Evangelion-wannabe suit and get out of here now" I yelled at the other EVA standing toe-to-toe with me.

"Ha, fat chance, I've got orders, and those just so happen to be Standing. Right. Here." The monochromatic EVA teased, pointing a massive finger at the ground. With that attitude, no wonder the higher-ups wherever this thing came from sent it here to die. Without warning, I shoved the intruder in the gut, formally initiating the battle. With the element of surprise, I continued laying down punishment, landing a combination of kicks and punches to keep the offense on my side.

0-0-0-Arsen Marcus Hahn-0-0-0

Wow, those guys weren't kidding, this girl really knows her stuff. And the shove? Come on, I thought these Japanese were all about their honor. Well, whatever, I flicked the EVA's controls to manual, caught the first kick I could manage, and hurled the red Evangelion into the ground. I noticed something, a long cord stemming from the back of my opponent. I put a foot down on it as I watched my adversary rise, with the tension yanking the cord out. I'll bet that was important.

0-0-0-Asuka Langley Soryu-0-0-0

Really? Well, five minutes left I guess. I tensed as my opponent pulled out dual handguns from panels disguised in his legs. Ha, amateur move. I threw up an AT field as Evangelion-sized .50 caliber bullets rammed into my shield. The first four shots were ineffective, but the fifth shot cracked my field. I reeled back. He obviously thought ahead and brought AT piercing rounds. Figures.

On the sixth, my field shattered, and my EVA started taking the hits. Time was running out, and I opted for a retreat. The pain in my gut was unbearable, the LCL was beginning to heat up, and there wasn't much more I could take. I'd heard a story about a test pilot dying from trauma while inside a plug, and as prideful as I might be, I'm not in the mood to die. "If only that IDIOT SHINJI would back me up!" I screamed at HQ, hoping he'd hear. Of course, I needed that pest right now, and what do you know? He's nowhere to be found. Misato

really needs to start punishing him for disobeying orders, this is like the fifth time he refuses to fight when he's ordered to. In a last ditch effort, I hurled my progressive knife at the attacker before ejecting my plug and handing control over to the dummy. Sorry, Unit 2.

0-0-0-Arsen Marcus Hahn-0-0-0

I noticed the entry plug rocket out the back of the opposing EVA, and figured that it was the Dummy's turn to fight. With only two shots left, I focused fire on the head and landed both. The Evangelion continued charging, and I managed to catch it in an awkward headlock, to which I promptly snapped its neck. Does that work?

I shrugged and tossed the now lifeless Evangelion model down. Apparently it does. With that, I made my way to the elevator my enemy's EVA came out of, which was now closed up, and stomped it repeatedly. Hopefully, I can get in and disable the other two before I get both remaining EVAs on me at once. Of course, that was assuming there were only 2, since guessing how many of these angel-slayers NERV was hiding is like guessing the hairs on your head. There were laws restricting the number of Evangelion units a country can have operational, but we couldn't trust NERV to follow them as strictly as they expected the rest of the world to, plus, with all the technicalities, there could be as many as seven or eight units on standby. I had nothing to lose, fighting for a country that's already falling into anarchy, so a war meant nothing. The government was clear: do as much damage as you possibly can. You will die, just take as many people with you as possible. So far so good, though, it seemed, although I couldn't figure out where the ejected plug went, but it doesn't matter much, since she hasn't got an Evangelion to pilot anymore. From across the city, I noticed an elevator opening, and guessed my next challenger was here. From the abyss that was NERV, a stark blue and white EVA, which I presumed to be Unit 0. At the same time, nearby, a second elevator presented the illustrious purple and green Unit 1.

Well piss.

I decided to engage Unit 1 first, as he has a tendency to be more compulsive and protective over his fellow pilot, as well as a nasty habit of going berserk, and the best way to prevent both is to incapacitate it as soon as I could. I put the massive pistols back in their panel-mounted holsters to automatically reload and tensed as the two brandished their progressive knives.

Fortunately for me, Evangelion Test-Type Unit 1 had not been reverted from its Type-G Sniper equipment due to some specialized angel, which means that it had softer armor at the plus of negligibly heightened mobility. I never understood why exactly NERV insisted on having three or four armor configurations, since things like getting sent into the field with the wrong armor is bound to happen. Not that I was complaining, since I'd be royally screwed if the thing had its proper gear. We stood off for a minute, two semi-organic Evangelions staring down one that was ideally the same, but vastly different. In a flash, I whipped out my dual Evangelion-sized Desert Eagles once again and opened fire, managing to punch a sizeable hole in Unit 1's helmet before he could draw up an AT field. Per common counter-Eva practice, the first two shots in each magazine were standard rounds, with the remaining five being AT field specialized piercing rounds,

with the idea being to convince the enemy to draw up a shield to then destroy, albeit temporarily, but theoretically would buy me enough time to bring them down. As the shots punched effortlessly through my foe's shields, I noticed the extent of the damage I landed on Unit 1 in that lucky strike, as parts of the fragmented helmet had embedded themselves into its fleshy head and I could see the pseudo-angelic blood splattered across the faceplate, as well as plenty of exposed and mutilated flesh to boot.

After expending the magazines, both units charged me at once, Unit 0 doing so slightly awkwardly as one shot damaged a portion of the leg. I unsheathed my unit's custom Progressive Knife and charged myself, aiming to finish Unit 1 before it had the chance to go berserk. As the two enemies converged on me, I allowed Unit 0's stab to my lower gut and thrust my own knife into the underside of 1's head, his knife failing to contact after a narrow dodge. I could hear the pilot's screams of agony through the nearfield comms, and opted to shut them off for a minute. The way NERV decided to use the Plugs and LCL to give pilots the same pain their unit endures always confused me, why force a pilot to feel pain through the armor made to protect them? Fortunately, my unit didn't have these features, just a simply cockpit and interface similar to a fighter jet. The ideas of the plug system did carry over, but my onboard replacement didn't need its own plug, an artificial intelligence was built into the pilot's own plug, since an LCL tank and purifiers weren't needed. Unit 0 was doing serious damage, repeatedly stabbing my unit in the side. I yanked my knife out of 1's face, who fell to the ground, and swung it around to get 0 off of me for a minute, but she blocked my swing and sliced the entirety of my arm off. Unit 0 reeled back to knife my unit's head, and I threw up a hand to catch the knife, successfully stopping the attack and twisting my opponent's arm to the point where I managed to use her own arm to stab her in the chest until she dropped the Prog knife on the ground. Without a second arm, I lifted 0 by the neck and feebly tried to choke the unit out, however, she easily broke the hold. I triggered the pylon-mounted needle cannon, which I'd forgotten about until now, and stuck my opponent multiple times through the head and chest before she could regain posture to continue the fight.

To my satisfaction, I saw the plug eject and fly off, meaning even the pilot had given up hope of winning. With only a dummy left, I Brought out my handguns once more and finished off the Evangelion with 14 shots in the body and head. Fortunately, a dummy could not produce an AT field without a soul to connect with, so that made my job significantly easier. I checked my reserves, to see I only had one set of magazines left. Figures, since even the government wasn't going to waste money on me, they probably expected me to have died by now.

I leaned over on a nearby building, the majority of my leftside lower body gone and a missing right arm. I did manage to recover my 13 million dollar Progressive Knife among the remains of my severed arm, and realized that I could probably get it replaced. I looked up, hoping to spot the aid carrier, which had automatically dispensed field repairs for the most common EVA injuries, one of which happened to be missing arms. I sent out a request, and seconds later, a black and white pod was falling from the sky, which I caught and disconnected the rest of my right arm. As the remaining pylon and shoulder fell to the ground, I noticed an _entry plug. _Hm. With a fresh arm, I picked the tiny plug up and read the designation. Unit

0's plug, apparently, and by the wreckage, I'd guess it hit a building in the hasty escape. I called down a few extra armor plates to cover my mutilated side, and inserted 0's plug into an auxiliary port. The way entry plugs were formed meant that any plug would fit, but only specially designed 3.1 plugs could actually do anything. Interesting enough, I figured, and turned a side screen to see what became of the pilot. As much as I wanted to destroy the Evangelions and NERV, I wasn't going to kill a pilot. She was just a kid. She was also unconscious, and the LCL looked rather nasty, so I jettisoned the clouded orange liquid and put the screen back to its original purpose. Well, whenever she woke up, I'd fill her in. After all, it was a good fight.

0-0-0-Shinji Ikari-0-0-0

I mustn't run away. I mustn't run away. I mustn't run away. No escape, no surrender. Everyone down there is depending on me to stop this attacker. I have to. I must. I will. I used all the strength I had left to stand the Evangelion up. I was infuriated, and apparently, so was my Evangelion, as he took off in a sprint as soon as I made a full stand, with the controls no longer responsive. Berserker had awoken. Come to think of it, this was the first time I'd ever been conscious during this reportedly terrifying anomaly in the EVA design.

0-0-0-Arsen Marcus Hahn-0-0-0

I was violently shaken from my thoughts by an Evangelion slamming into me and pummeling me into a building. I turned to see Eva Unit 1 with its mouth hanging open and reddened eyes. Berserker mode was active.

Shit.

I whipped out my Prog knife, hoping that enough trauma would stop it, but who knows at this point. I managed to land a stab in the arm and again in the chest before he grabbed my arm and began trying to yank it off. In a nervous rage, I pulled out a pistol and managed to shoot him once again in the face, this time in the eye. The EVA roared and loosened its grip on my arm, giving me enough time to pull it out. I holstered the pistol and activated a hardlight shield around myself, holding form to my armor. A nifty feature of my EVA was the ability to generate a hardlight "shell" that acted like a second, flexible, layer of armor. Unfortunately, this did put a lot of strain on my upgraded S2 engine, so there was no telling exactly how long I could hold it. Unit 1 began bashing its hands in a clubbing style against me, almost knocking my Evangelion to the ground. I remembered all those surveillance stocks of Unit 1 eating its foes after killing them, was that going to happen to me? I knew he'd crushed a plug and killed my brother.

In a swift move, I reached my hands up and caught the enraged Unit's clubbed hands and used my other to stab it repeatedly in the gut and chest. I threw the hands of 1 up and reached around for a headlock. Unit 1 struggled against my shifting hands. But I managed to put a tight hold on the berserk unit, before snapping its neck. I shoved it to the ground, unsatisfied that I'd actually won, and proceeded to shoot it in the head until only a sloppy pile of mush existed in place of a head. I'm surprised I didn't see the plug eject. But I guess I'd just missed it during the fight. Waiting, unsure if

Evangelion Test-Type Unit 1 was actually dead, I stood for a good five minutes, tense and ready to continue until it was defeated. Alas, Unit 1 did not get up, and I counted it KIA. However, not thirty seconds after it fell, the plug did eject, which I managed to recover, and inserted. I don't know exactly why they put four entry plus ports on my Evangelion, but I wasn't complaining, since it made holding hostages much easier. I brought up a monitor, and saw 1's pilot huddled in a ball, sobbing. I almost put on a mic, just to try and talk him out of his self-pity, but then I reminded myself. _He was the kid who killed my brother. He let him die and did nothing to stop it. He deserved every ounce of this. He deserved to die. _If I was that kind of person, I would've thrown the plug down and stomped it to a million pieces, but that wouldn't change a thing. Unit 0's pilot had come to however. And was just sitting, staring ahead quietly. "Hey, 0, good fight" I addressed the girl, who looked up upon hearing me.

"Where am I?" she asked. Well, more commanded than asked.

"Let's start with where you aren't" I jested, turning my EVA around to look at the corpses of Unit 0 and Unit 1. She looked oddly unfazed for seeing her Evangelion reduced to a giant block of Swiss cheese. However, what did strike her was Unit 1's headless frame.

"Where is Shinji?" She asked in her demanding-esque voice. I huffed and flipped on a display to 1's pilot's plug. She seemed appeased by that, and continued with one word. "Why?" That was it.

"Why? WHY? Because you triggered the third impact and killed billions of people, your friend there killed my only brother, and your STUPID ORGANIZATION DOOMED MY COUNTRY!" I screamed at the girl. "AND NOW, I'M ENDING IT ALL!" Not the cleverest line, but I wasn't thinking straight, suddenly overcome with intense emotion. I stomped and pounded on the catapult, venting my emotions s productively as I could, and managed to break the door. I jumped down, ignoring the protests from both captive pilots. I landed in the launch room, which led to the storage cages. Operatives were scrambling around, yelling and cursing as I plowed through walls toward the central command room.

I punched through one final wall and arrived, standing before a three-tier command room. I chuckled to myself as harmless bullets ricocheted off my thick armor and began ripping the Magi out of their resting places and crushing them between massive mechanical fists.

0-0-0-Misato Katsuragi-0-0-0

No. nononono. This was not happening. How had all Evangelion units been destroyed? How had this thing gotten in? Nothing has ever gotten all the way here. There was no plan for it, as the very notion was deemed inconceivable, and yet, before me stood a black and white Evangelion smashing the final Magi, Melchior, between its massive fingers. They Magi were dead. The invading Evangelion turned and ejected two plugs into the command center, smashing them into the walls and lodging them halfway between Gendo and I. I grabbed the nearest phone and called the only person left to help, Mari Mikinami Illustrious's third party manager. The only thing between the End of NERV was Unit 8, assuming she could even get here in time. The enemy had since left the central chamber and was descending to the

abandoned Central Dogma. Puzzled as I was, I managed to get permission to deploy Mari to neutralize this threat. After hanging up, I looked up the discarded plugs, to find they were in fact Unit 0's and Unit 1's plugs. They were saved.

0-0-0-Arsen Marcus Hahn-0-0-0

All that was left was to breach C Dogma, since Intel was that the entire place was to self-destruct if anything got in. I managed to tear through armor layer after armor layer. The sooner I get there, the sooner I can join my brother. Free from this world.

I finally tore through the last plate and kicked in the ceiling of Central Dogma. I was here. Alarms blared, red lights flashed, the entire place shook. With teary eyes, I let go of the controls and curled into a ball. I'd won, and now I was going to die.

"I did it, brother, I did it all for you." I whispered as the explosives tore through Unit 3.1 and then nothing.

0-0-0-Asuka Langley Soryu-0-0-0

I was running far away, as was standard procedure when your EVA was disabled, and looked back only to see a massive explosion and, in the distance, an approaching bright pink Evangelion. Mari, no doubt. I threw my hands up and yelled, hoping to catch her scanners.

0-0-0-Mari "Illustrious" Mikinami-0-0-0

I sprinted at NERV headquarters. I could make it. I could stop this. I was about a mile away when the pace blew, throwing fire and shrapnel through the roof of the Geofront and into the sky. I stopped. Everything, everyone, dead. I was too late. I sank to my knees. Then, my scanners picked up something, someone, beyond the fallen headquarters. I sprinted and jumped the crater that was NERV to find Asuka on the ground. I let her into my Evangelion's hand and into my plug, where I was greeted by an unusual sight, a teary Asuka Langley Soryu. NERV had fallen, humans had begun the end of the world, as the logical step was that the Japanese government would nuke whoever did this, and they would nuke back, and World War 3 would begin. The End has begun.

A/N: Yeah, real depressing, but hey I was originally going to kill everyone, but I spared Mari and Asuka since I was lazy, so lucky you. But yeah hopefully that lived up to the request, and until 4.0 comes out, I've been Pix, thanks for reading!

On a side note, the Evangelion fandom is way more judgemental than most other ones I write for. Why u so harsh?

End
file.